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3168



H Y M N S

*A. Gray*



ADAPTED TO

# COMMUNION SERVICE.

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SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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PRINTED FOR THE  
UNION MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

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DOVER:

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PRINTED BY JOHN  
1834.



## HYMNS.

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### 1. C. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord—  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me !  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.
- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

### 2. C. M. *Spirit of the Psalms.*

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,  
With mild benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,  
Now points to his abode,  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our Lord.

- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;  
 The gracious call obey ;  
 Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
 The christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,  
 While light and grace are given ;  
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
 Shall reign with him in heaven.

3. C. M. *Enfield.*

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form  
 Appears each grace divine ;  
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
 To give the mourner joy,  
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 In the last hour of deep distress,  
 Before his Father's throne,  
 With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,  
 'Thy will, not mine, be done !'
- 4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !  
 His image may we bear !  
 O may we tread his holy steps !  
 His joy and glory share !

4. L. M. *Newton.*

- 1 BRETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,  
 A hearty welcome here receive ;  
 May we together now partake  
 The joys which he alone can give !

- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good spirit from above ;  
Make our communication sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When thus we meet to pray and praise,  
We only wish to speak of him,  
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
His suff'rings and his dying love,  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
Then hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

5. L. M. *Steele.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,  
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad ;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;  
Pardon and life, and endless peace ;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

6. C. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me ?  
And shall I fear to own thy name;  
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And make me truly bold ;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,  
And treat me with disdain,  
Still may I glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my powers resign ;  
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

7. 8s & 7s M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 From the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,  
May our lives his image bear ;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,  
Joy attend us in believing ;  
Peace from God, through endless day.



8. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 FATHER ! and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 O let thy table honor'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd ;  
With warm desire let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

9. 7s M. 6 line. *Montgomery.*

- 1 Go to dark Gethsamane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour.  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd.  
O the wormwood and the gall !  
O the pangs his soul sustain'd.  
Shun not suffering shame or loss ;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, admiring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete :  
'It is finish'd,' hear him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb  
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
 All is solitude and gloom ;  
 —Who has taken him away ?  
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes.  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

10. 8s & 7s M. *Cawood.*

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
 Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wond'rous story  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :  
 ' Glory in the highest, glory !  
 Glory be to God most high !
- 3 ' Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found :  
 Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven :—  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.'
- 4 Let us learn the wond'rous story  
 Of our great Redeemer's birth ;  
 Spread the brightness of his glory,  
 Till it cover all the earth.

11. L. M. *Bowring.*

- 1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound  
 From lips of gentleness and grace,  
 When list'ning thousands gather'd round,  
 And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
 Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'  
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

12. C. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 HARK ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,  
From the bright realms above,  
Amidst the war's tumultuous rage  
A voice of power and love.
- 2 Maintain the fight, my faithful band,  
Nor fear the mortal blow ;  
He that in such a warfare dies,  
Shall speedy vict'ry know.
- 3 I have my days of combat known,  
And in the dust was laid ;  
But now I sit upon my throne,  
And glory crowns my head.
- 4 This throne, this glory, shall be yours,  
My hands the crown shall give,  
And you the blest reward shall share,  
Whilst God himself shall live.
- 5 Lord 'tis enough, our souls are fired  
With courage and with love ;  
Vain the assaults of earth and hell,—  
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod  
To triumph and renown ;  
Nor shun thy combat and the cross,  
May we but wear the crown.

13. L. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 Hath not thy heart within thee burn'd  
At evening's calm and holy hour  
As if its inmost depths discern'd  
The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard, 'mid forest glades,  
While ancient rivers murmur'd by,  
A voice from forth th' eternal shades,  
That spake a present Deity ?
- 3 And as, upon the sacred page  
Thine eye in rapt attention turn'd  
O'er records of a holier age,  
Hath not thy heart within thee burn'd ?
- 4 It was the voice of God, that spake  
In silence to thy silent heart ;  
And bade each worthier thought awake,  
And ev'ry dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, Oh yet be near !  
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace :  
Direct us on our pathway here,  
Then bid in heaven our wand'rings cease.

14. 7s & 6s. *Montgomery.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !  
Great David's greater Son ;  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,  
 To those who suffer wrong ;  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong ;  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light,  
 Whose souls condemn'd and dying,  
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth,  
 And love and joy, like flowers,  
 Spring in his path to birth :  
 Before him on the mountains  
 Shall peace the herald go,  
 And righteousness in fountains  
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
 And daily vows ascend ;  
 His kingdom still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end :  
 The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove ;  
 His name shall stand for ever ;  
 That name to us is—Love.

15. C. M. C. *Wesley.*

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
 Of jealous, godly fear ;  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel  
 Of pride, or fond desire ;  
 To catch the wandering of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
 The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make !  
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

16. 8s & 7s. M. *J. Bowring.*

1 In the Cross of Christ I glory !  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me,  
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy !

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified ;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of Christ I glory !—  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

17. L. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 JESUS, by those he call'd his own,  
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,  
He meets his enemies alone,  
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 2 No guile within his mouth is found,  
He neither threatens nor complains ;  
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,  
Dumb, midst his murderers he remains.
- 3 But hark ! he prays,—'t is for his foes ;  
He speaks,—'t is comfort to his friends ;  
Answers,—and Paradise bestows ;  
He bows his head ; the conflict ends.
- 4 Truly this was the Son of God !  
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,  
And bruis'd beneath the Father's rod ;  
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

18. L. M. *Gregg.*

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee ?  
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor ;  
My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I 've no sins to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
 And O, may this my portion be,  
 That Saviour 's not asham'd of me !

19. 7s M. [DOUBLE.] *Anonymous.*

- 1 In the Saviour's hour of death,  
 Bound upon the cross of fear,  
 While his quick and struggling breath  
 Spoke the fatal moment near ;  
 Then his glance a felon turn'd,  
 Suffering at the sufferer's side,  
 And the grace which others spurn'd  
 Sought in prayer, and found, and died.
- 2 Sighs of parting anguish came  
 From the Saviour's laboring breast ;  
 But though torture thrill'd his frame,  
 He could yield the afflicted rest ;  
 And a transient, heavenly smile  
 Beam'd upon his pallid face,  
 As his anguish, for a while,  
 Gave to love and pity place.
- 3 Matchless love, supreme in death !  
 Pity, in affliction shown !  
 Be their praise o'er earth beneath,  
 And through heavenly regions known,  
 Men their grateful songs shall swell,  
 For their Saviour's love divine ;  
 In our hearts his spirit dwell,  
 In our lives his influence shine.



20. S. M. *Watts.*

- 1 JESUS, the friend of man,  
Invites around his board,  
Those who his spirit share, to hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we show forth that love,  
Which spake in ev'ry breath,  
Prompted each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Our heav'nly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
Alike the children of his love,  
And he the first-born son.
- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,  
One God alone we know ;  
Brethren we are ; let ev'ry heart  
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Warm'd with our master's love,  
And God's unmeasur'd grace ;  
O let our thankful hearts expand,  
And all mankind embrace.

21. S. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 LET party names no more  
The christian world o'erspread :  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd,

- 3 Envy and strife be gone,  
 And only kindness known ;  
 While all one common Father have,  
 One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above,  
 Where springs of purest pleasure rise,  
 And every heart is love.

22. 7s M. *Christian Lyre.*

- 1 Make us of one heart and mind,  
 Courteous, pitiful and kind ;  
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 2 Let us for each other care,  
 Each the other's burden bear :  
 To thy church the pattern give ;  
 Show how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride,  
 Let us thus in God abide ;  
 All the depths of love express,  
 All the heights of holiness.
- 4 Let us then with joy remove  
 To the family above,  
 On the wings of angels fly ;  
 Show how true believers die.

23. C. M. *Greenwood.*

- 1 Now I approach thy table, Lord,  
 With reverent joy and love :  
 I call to mind my Saviour's word,  
 And will obedient prove.

- 2 O, shall I not remember one,  
     Who bled and died for me ?  
 Nor think on all that he has done,  
     To make me pure and free ?
- 3 Yes, I'll remember him, and strive  
     To love him more and more ;  
 So that I may with Jesus live,  
     When this short life is o'er.

24. S. M. *Christian Psalmist.*

- 1 Our Captain leads us on,  
     He beckons from the skies,  
 He reaches out a starry crown,  
     And bids us take the prize.
- 2 " Be faithful unto death,  
     Partake my victory,  
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
     And thou shalt reign with me."
- 3 'T is thus the righteous Lord  
     To every soldier saith ;  
 Eternal life is the reward  
     Of all victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,  
     The victor's meed receive ;  
 They claim a kingdom in his right,  
     Which God shall freely give.

25. C. M. *Sewall's Col.*

- 1 O God, accept the sacred hour  
     Which we to thee have given ;  
 And let this hallow'd scene have power  
     To raise our souls to heaven.

- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,  
 The precepts of thy Son,  
 Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts  
 Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,  
 From all corruption free,  
 And humbly learn like him to give  
 Our powers, our wills, to thee.

26. 8s & 7s M. *Newton.*

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of friend ;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us  
 Could or would have shed his blood ?  
 But this Saviour died to have us  
 Reconcil'd in him to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abas'd,  
 Friend of sinners was his name ;  
 Now, above all glory rais'd,  
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
 We, alas ! forget, too often,  
 What a Friend we have above.

27. C. M. *Miss E. Taylor.*

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !  
 Let strife and tumult cease ;  
 And ev'ry thought harmonious move,  
 And ev'ry heart be peace.

- 2 Not here, where met to think on him  
 Whose latest thoughts were ours  
 Shall mortal passions come, to dim  
 The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious master, not in vain  
 Thy life of love hath been ;  
 The peace thou gav'st, may yet remain,  
 Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 Thy "kingdom come ;" we watch, we wait,  
 To hear thy cheering call ;  
 When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,  
 And God be all in all.

28. L. M. *New-York Coll.*

- 1 SEE how he lov'd ! exclaim'd the Jews,  
 As tender tears from Jesus fell.  
 My grateful heart the thought pursues,  
 And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he lov'd ! who never shrank  
 From toil, and danger, pain, or death ;  
 Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
 And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 3 See how he lov'd ! who di'd for man,  
 Who labor'd thus, and thus endur'd,  
 To execute the gracious plan,  
 Which life and heaven to man secur'd.
- 4 Can we, unmov'd, such love survey ?  
 O may our hearts with ardor glow,  
 To tread his steps, his laws obey,  
 And thus our warm affection show.

29. L. M. *Tappan.*

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,  
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;  
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,  
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,  
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;  
E'en the disciple that he lov'd  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight— and for other's guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly sooth the Saviour's wo.

30. C. M. *C. Wesley.*

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him :  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !  
 'Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven.

31. L. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 THE christian warrior, see him stand  
 In the whole armour of his God ;  
 The spirit's sword is in his hand ;  
 His feet are with the gospel shod :
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
 Salvation's helmet on his head,  
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
 And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves,  
 From this the alien armies flee ;  
 Till more than conqueror he proves,  
 Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
 Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,  
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

32. 7s M. *Contemplations of the Saviour.*

- 1 Thou, by pain and care oppress'd,  
 Lift the eye with sorrow dim ;  
 In thy Saviour's love find rest ;  
 Child of suffering, hear thou him !
- 2 Trifler of the passing hour,  
 Vain the pleasures earth can give ;  
 Stay thy course ; thy Saviour's power  
 Calls thee ; hear, and turn, and live !

- 3 Wanderer on the downward road,  
Far from virtue's guiding ray ;  
Turn to happiness, to God ;  
Jesus calls thee ; turn and pray :
- 4 Fixing Faith's bright gaze above,  
Hear him, while on earth ye tread :  
Ye shall hear his tones of love,  
When the trumpet wakes the dead.

33. L. M. *Anonymous.*

- 1 THERE'S not a hope, with comfort fraught,  
Triumphant over death and time,  
But Jesus mingles in that thought,  
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 2 His image meets me in the hour  
Of joy, and brightens every smile :  
I see him when the tempests lower,  
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him in the daily round  
Of social duty, mild and meek ;  
With him I tread the hallow'd ground,  
Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I meet him at the lowly tomb ;  
I weep where Jesus wept before ;  
And there above the grave's dark gloom,  
I see him rise—and weep no more.
- 5 Then ask me not to live, and be  
A stranger to that generous flame,  
Which warms, and, to eternity  
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.



34. L. M. *Enfield's Selection.*

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,  
This cup of thanks his last request :  
Ye who can feel his worth, attend,  
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,  
Him ye exalt in swelling song :  
For him the wreath of glory bind,  
Who freed from vassalage his kind :
- 3 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,  
Became a tenant of the grave,  
Unthank'd, uncelebrated rise,  
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 4 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim  
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name :  
On earth extol his wondrous love ;  
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

35. 6s & 10s M. *Christian Examiner.*

- 1 THOU, who didst stoop below,  
To drain the cup of wo,  
Wearing the form of frail mortality,—  
Thy blessed labors done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast pass'd from earth---pass'd to thy home on high.
- 2 Man may no longer trace,  
In thy celestial face,  
The image of the bright, the viewless One :  
Nor may thy servants hear,  
Save with faith's raptur'd ear,  
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

- 3      Our eyes behold thee not,  
         Yet hast thou not forgot  
 Those who have plac'd their hope, their trust in thee;  
         Before thy Father's face  
         Thou hast prepar'd a place,  
 'That where thou art, there they may also be.
- 4      O thou, who art our life,  
         Be with us through the strife !  
 Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bow'd?  
         Raise thou our eyes above,  
         To see a Father's love  
 Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.
- 5      Ev'n through the awful gloom,  
         Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;  
         Our spirits shall not dread  
         The shadowy way to tread,  
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

36. L. M. [Double.] *Anonymous.*

*" I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."*

- 1 THOU art the Way—and he who sighs,  
         Amid this starless waste of wo,  
 To find a pathway to the skies,  
         A light from heaven's eternal glow,  
 By thee must come, thou gate of love,  
         Through which the saints undoubting trod ;  
 Till faith discovers, like the dove,  
         An ark, a resting place in God.

- 2 Thou art the Truth—whose steady day  
 Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,  
 The pure, the everlasting ray,  
 The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;  
 The light, that out of darkness springs,  
 And guideth those that blindly go ;  
 The word, whose precious radiance flings  
 Its lustre upon all below.
- 3 Thou art the Life—the blessed well,  
 With living waters gushing o'er,  
 Which those who drink shall ever dwell  
 Where sin and thirst are known no more ;  
 Thou art the mystic pillar given,  
 Our lamp by night, our light by day ;  
 Thou art the sacred bread from heaven ;—  
 Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

37. C. M. *Exeter Col.*

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,  
 With pious grief improve,  
 The solemn and impressive scene  
 Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Not all the malice of his foes,  
 His pity could subdue ;  
 " Father ! forgive," he meekly pray'd,  
 " They know not what they do."
- 3 O what a love was here display'd,  
 Beyond our utmost thought !  
 How pure the lessons, how sublime,  
 In life and death he taught !

- 4 Let not his sacred truths, by us  
 Be lost, or misappli'd ;  
 Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget  
 That 'twas for us he died.

38. L. M. *N. Y. Col.*

- 1 We sing thy mercy, God of love !  
 That sent the Saviour from above  
 To free our race from sin and wo,  
 And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;  
 We thank thee that he liv'd, and taught  
 Frail and imperfect man, to be  
 In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,  
 Which kept those sacred pages fair  
 Through every age, whose lines record  
 The deeds and precepts of our Lord.
- 4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,  
 By us repeated in thy sight :  
 O fill our souls with bread divine,  
 And nourish us with heavenly wine !

39. C. M. *Cont. of the Saviour.*

- 1 Who, as the brethren of the Lord,  
 May his affection claim ?  
 To whom on earth does Christ accord  
 A brother's honoured name ?

- 2 The pure, the humble, the sincere,  
Whose hopes are fixed above ;  
Who worship God with holy fear,  
And ardent filial love ;
- 3 Who to the Saviour's word of grace  
With grateful warmth attend,  
Such does his loving heart embrace,  
Their brother and their friend.
- 4 For these, in dark Gethsemane,  
His bitter tears were shed ;  
For these, upon the fatal tree,  
He bow'd his patient head.
- 5 Brethren of Jesus, may we share  
The love that fill'd his breast,  
On earth his burthen joyful bear,  
Then enter to his rest.

40. L. M. *Exeter Col.*

- 1 WHEN, in obedience to their Lord,  
His followers meet around his board,  
His love may well employ the song,  
And dwell with praises on the tongue.
- 2 He lov'd mankind,—their welfare sought,  
In all he did, in all he taught ;  
Their present peace, their future joy,  
His whole concern, his life's employ.
- 3 Where deep distress prolongs the sigh,  
Behold the tender Jesus nigh ;  
He heals the sick, restores the blind,  
Consoles and soothes the drooping mind.

- 4 What love, what kindness, from his tongue,  
 Invite the willing soul to come,  
 To hear his gospel, learn the way  
 Which leads through death to endless day !

41. S. M. *New-York Col.*

- 1 Yes, to the last command  
 We will obedient prove ;  
 Around his table will we stand,  
 In memory of his love.
- 2 His precious blood he shed  
 For our unworthy race,  
 While uttering, in th' Almighty's stead,  
 His messages of grace.
- 3 Oh ! if our senseless pride  
 His dying words neglect,  
 'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,  
 And we who God reject.
- 4 Then let us ever keep  
 This consecrated feast,  
 'Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,  
 Or life itself have ceas'd.

42. L. M. *Wesley's Col.*

- 1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
 If risen indeed with him ye are,  
 Superior to the joys below,  
 His resurrection's power declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove ;  
By actions show your sins forgiven ;  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place,  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.
- 4 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,  
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;  
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,  
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

43. C. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,  
Who round his table draw !  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,  
Did all his actions guide ;  
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;  
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let all the sacred law fulfil ;  
Like his be every mind ;  
Be every temper form'd by love,  
And every action kind.

- 4 Let none, who call themselves his friends,  
 Disgrace the honour'd name ;  
 But by a near resemblance prove  
 The title which they claim.

#### ASCRPTION.

#### C. M.

**BLESSED** are the souls that hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps surround :

The **LORD**, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives ;  
 Christians ! thy Saviour ever reigns,  
 Thy God forever lives.









